

## Bright Lights

by Broadway Evanescence

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Summary: Inez finds another dancer trying to battle his own inner demons.

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**\*\*A/N:** This is set in the future where Little Inez is 17 years old. She is tired of seeing other people falling in love until she finally finds someone for her! And he's a bad boy...yep I'm going there. Inez/ OC! Enjoy and let me know what you think!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Little Inez was not so little anymore. She was actually the complete opposite. She had grown into a beautiful young woman. She was still the lead dancer of the Corny Collins show. This show was the best thing that ever happened to her, but she was frustrated. You could even say that she was <em>jealous.<em> It was just not fair. She thought that she had everything that she ever wanted. Apparently, she was dead wrong.

Tracy had her Link, Penny had her brother Seaweed, and her mother had Corny. Where was the love of her life? Her prince that would sweep her off of her feet? She knew that such fairy tales were unrealistic and would never happen to a colored girl like her.

But like Tracy said, the world is changing.

Colored people are not looked down upon as much as they were. They have earned more respect because of the Miss Hairspray Pageant years ago. Inez was proud of her accomplishments and her history, but she did not have anyone to share them with. A few new dancers had entered the show over the years. Because the show was integrated, it was much more diverse and fun to dance with people who had different styles of dance. She had created another family that was outside of her home. She loved and appreciated everyone that danced along side her.

There was one dancer who Inez was not too fond of though.

His name was Nick. Inez hated the boy with a passion. He acted like he was the best male dancer, even though he was. The boy was white with blonde hair and crystal-blue eyes. His complexion and eye color contrasted with Inez's chocolate skin and deep brown eyes. All of the girls swooned when he walked by, yet he paid them no mind. He acted like he was too good to be near anyone that was below his status. The only contact they had with each other was her arm brushing against his. She would just roll her eyes and continue walking as if it did not bother her one bit.

When you hated someone, everything they did became offensive.

When he smiled, Inez became sick to her stomach. His laugh was annoying and his gorgeous, pure ocean eyes were just... unnecessary.

She never expected that they would actually talk. She did everything in her power to avoid him. After they had been dancing, it was time for a commercial break. The studio smelled of Ultra Clutch and it was making Inez feel dizzy. It caused her to have a headache something awful. Inez looked beautiful, wearing a baby blue silk dress with a ribbon around her bun that matched. She turned to her right to see Corny and her mother share a kiss. Inez smiled. She was so happy that her mother had found true love after their father.

The throbbing in her head was overwhelming so she decided to sneak out for some fresh air. She walked out through the back door and into the alley that was in the back of the studio. She leaned on the back of the door and inhaled the fresh air. Well, she thought it was fresh. The tangy smell of cigarette smoke lingered through the air. She walked past the door and looked to her left. Nick was leaning on the dumpster as he put the lit cigarette into his mouth.

He sucked the sweet nicotine into his mouth and blew the smoke out through his nose. He was obviously an experienced smoker. He looked to his right to see her and he smirked. He winked at her and he continued to smoke. The way this boy acted just infuriated Inez to no end. Who does he think he is? He acts like he owns the place! Inez scoffed and rolled her eyes.

"Shouldnt you be inside?" Inez asked.

"I didn't know that I had to be inside all day. Why are you outside?"

"That's none of your business. I asked you first."

"Okay. Well, I believe that the answer is obvious."

"Ain't you too young to smoke?"

"You can never be too young to do anything doll."

"Dont call me that."

"Okay. What can I call you then?"

"You don't have to call me by anything." He smiled and put the cigarette back into his mouth. He then took out the box and opened it.

"Want one? You look like you could use it."

"I don't smoke."

"I see that. Maybe you should." His blue eyes gleamed in the sunlight.

"No thanks." He shrugged and put the box back into his pocket. "You know you're one hell of a dancer."

"Excuse me?"

"I mean, you're really good. I think you're the best gal out there." He said slyly. Inez was obviously not expecting this. She was taken aback. She tried to pull off her odd expression by smoothing out the wrinkles on her dress.

"Oh. Thank you. You're not so bad yourself." She walked closer and leaned on the side of the dumpster with him. He smiled at her as he saw her approaching. He continued to smoke. He threw the cigarette to the ground and stepped on it.

"Thanks." Inez looked to the door and looked back.

"They're probably wondering where we are. I'm gonna go back inside." He nodded.

"You still havent told me your name yet."

"It's Inez."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: I haven't been on in quite some time and I thought it would be a really cute one-shot idea! I have no idea if I will continue this so... we'll see what happens!\*\*

End  
file.